may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were
juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate,
my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivolent with
mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to
the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I
will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glowes upon my cheeke, and
whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine;
was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you
would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are
like ſome-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of theſe
ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other than I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my dea-
reſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might
have beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch,
as wand-like ſtrait, as ſilver voyc'ſt, her eyes as jewell-like, and
caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarves the eares ſhe
feedes, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech;
where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger, from the decke you may
diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you theſe en-
dowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſ-
daind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for
thou lookeſt modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the
crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeve thee, and make my ſen-
ces credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou
lookſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt
thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I
perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt thou hadſt
beene toſt from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy
griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more, but what my
thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prove the thouſand
part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have ſuffered like a
gyrle, yet thou doſt looke like patience, gazing on Kings graves,
and ſmiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how
loſt thou thy name, my moſt kinde virgin? recount I do beſeech
thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced god ſent
hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or here ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowſt how thou doeſt
ſtartle me, to call thy ſelfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had ſome power,
my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeve me, but not to be a trou-
ble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at ſea.

Per. At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughrer of a King, who died the
minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft deli-
vered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, and never in-
terrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleeve me twere beſt I did give ore.

Per.